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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

LORD ROBERTS, "the hero and the man complete," astonishes the world from time to time by some new evidence of his activity and capacity. We were not in the least surprised that he gave his support to the stalwarts who followed the lead of Lord Halsbury against the humiliating surrender at discretion—or, as we think, indiscretion—by the majority of the Peers of rights which were inalienable. Lord Roberts has been accustomed to overcome obstacles—however formidable in appearance—and not to enter into a campaign of *finesse* with his adversaries.

We own to surprise, however, when we observe from the veteran Field-Marshal's pen a cogent, closely-reasoned, and terse exposition of a sane policy for the Unionist party, such as has proceeded from no other source. In a single column Lord Roberts exhausts essential principles, which it is customary to extricate with difficulty from streams of verbiage, full of the snags of hesitation and saving clauses.

Lord Roberts having disposed of the possibility of a Liberal party whose prominent features are chaffering and self-abasement proving equal to the situation, proceeds to ask how far the Unionist party under leaders who have not possessed or who have lost the capacity for leadership, are likely to respond to the exigencies of the moment. In a few paragraphs, Lord Roberts deals in a really masterly manner with the way in which the Unionist party should approach the question of social reform, and glances at the

necessities of national defence—"Is it too late to hope that the Unionist party will come forward to lead the millions that wait for a leader?"

Hope and expectation are not synonyms. Hope is denied to none but the fallen archangel, expectation is the equipment of the foreseeing and reasoning man. All honour to the veterans Lords Roberts and Halsbury who have endeavoured to enjoin the path of duty.

It is our intention to publish a symposium on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. Sir Charles Walpole in two articles has recently dealt with Irish Legislative movements and systems of the past. Professor Kettle in this week's issue writes a weighty introductory article. We notice that he complains of Sir Charles Walpole's articles as savouring of antiquarianism, and writes: "We modern Home Rulers have it for our foible to be loyal to the twentieth century;" and later on: "We go not upon the past, but the present." That is absolutely the editorial view, but we do not agree with Professor Kettle that it is widely adopted. Many at least of modern Home Rulers are incessantly harping on English "robbery" in the past. Lord Dunraven has recently issued a volume* which will shortly be reviewed in these columns. The book is in excellent prose, and, as Professor Kettle would say, of much antiquarian interest. Its tendency, however, is to keep open the sore—not to heal it. We welcome the attitude of being "loyal to the twentieth century" and the policy of the clean slate.

A literary event of great importance to all who are interested in Shakespeare's works—and who is not, either at home or abroad?—is the promise of a new volume by Mr. Frank Harris. Very shortly Messrs. Methuen will publish "The Women of Shakespeare." We have had the advantage of seeing an advanced copy of the Introduction, and it foreshadows a study of great value and interest. The frontispiece is a portrait of the "Dark Lady of the Sonnets," drawn by Joseph Simpson after the portrait at Arbury.

That which Lady Newdigate-Newdigate in her book "Gossip from a Muniment Room" failed to appreciate, has not escaped Mr. Harris' trained perception. The authoress publishes one letter of Mary Fitton to her sister, with the comment that there is nothing remarkable in it. We cannot endorse that opinion, as Mr. Harris has discovered the line:

"Time, that limits all things, bares me of words."

The plan of the book is an elaborate examination of the prototypes amongst Shakespeare's surroundings who furnished him with the material for the female figures in his plays and sonnets.

The work promises to be one of extraordinary interest, judging by the Introduction, which is instinct with all the author's literary grace and charm. Many will look forward with an expectation of unusual enjoyment to the forthcoming publication.

We are informed that Abbas Effendi, the head of the Moslem sect professing the Bábi reformed faith, is now in London, and we doubt not that he will be much exploited by those Churchmen of all denominations who are prone to sensationalism. It will be a misfortune if this single-minded professor of a simple and pure form of religion should be vulgarised by any modern form of advertisement. We publish in this number an article by Sir Charles Walpole on the little-known history of The Báb and Bábiism.

* *The Legacy of Past Years: a Study of Irish History.* By the Earl of Dunraven, K.P. (John Murray. 7s. 6d.)

SIRMIO

[From Catullus]

My Sirmio, Queen, undoubted Queen of all the isles that be,
Whom Neptune hath on placid lakes or on the boisterous sea,
How gladsomely and with what joy do I revisit thee!

That I have left Bithynian plains and Thynia far behind
I scarcely may believe, but oh, what perfect peace of mind
My lovely Sirmio once again and all unharmed to find!

Oh, what more blest than cares dismissed, soul's burden laid
aside,

Fatigued with travel and with toil, at home once more to
bide,

And to the couch of one's desire the weary limbs confide?

Ah! this alone repays the toil of foreign field and dale,
Hail, sweetest Sirmio, Queen of Isles, my happy homestead,
hail!

To greet thy tardy lord's return let wine and song prevail!

Ye, too, rejoice, ye limpid lakes and waterfalls of Rome,
My merry-men, let laughter ring through mine ancestral
dome,

To welcome to his native land your lord arriven home!

CYRIL MORGAN DREW.

THE WILLOW-TREE WOMAN

THE incense, an old vibration of the Japanese heart, quite peculiar, naturally fastidious, gesticulated, while stealing up from a two-horned dragon's mouth, for my friend (who returned home from America by the last steamer) to stop his talk on automobiles and sky-scrapers. It was only a little while since the new moon, looking so attractive after a shower-bath of rain, had left the pine branches of my garden. I begged my friend to change his Western sack-coat for one of my *yukatas*, the cotton summer dress with somewhat demonstrative design (thank heaven, it is in the summer time all free, when we are allowed to act even fantastically), as it was, I told him informally, out of place in my Japanese house; I confess that the poetical balance of my mind has grown to be easily ruined by a single harsh note of the too real West. When I, with my friend new-made in Japanese robe, most comfortably stretched my body upon the mats, I felt the night lovely, the dusk so blessed; my friend said he wished, if possible, to cry heartily while listening to some old Japanese songs of tragedy whose pain he had almost forgotten. The words reminded me at once that Madam Kosei, the well-known singer of *gidayu* or lyrical drama, was appearing in some entertainment-house close by; with much glee he received my suggestion to take him there. When we left the house the moon was seen nowhere.

"Dzden, den, den"—the sound of the three-stringed *samisen* trying for the right note was already heard when we sat ourselves down in the hall, where my artistic mind began soon to revolt against the electric-light, which only serves to diffuse the music deep or low, the song tragic or simple; I thought if we only could hear them in a small room, perhaps of eight mats, with candles lighted, where the voice reaches the ecstasy when it suffocates! The husky cough, quite natural for the professional singer who has forced her voice too severely, made us understand that we were going to hear Kosei in the tragic death of O Ryu, that poor willow-tree woman who grew under the blessing of dews and suns.

The audience hushed like water when the singer's voice rose: "The leaves fall, the tree cracks, the axe! flashes. . . ." O Ryu, the willow-tree woman, shivers, trembles in pain as her last days are reached; she cries over her sleeping child, Midori, whom she got by Heitaro, her hus-

band, and she says, "The child will grow even without the mother's milk. If he should become great and wise and live up to his father's reputation with arrow and bow! Oh, must his poor mother go away? The voice, the sad voice, calls me back to the tree. Oh, voice calling me back. . . ."

Once she had no human form, but was only the willow tree on whose high branch Suyetaka's hawk alighted when he was hunting, which was almost doomed, then, to be cut down, as he saw no other way to get the hawk; it was Heitaro, the clever archer, who shot the branches to pieces and rescued the bird, of course, and also saved the tree from its ruin. The inhuman tree grew human at once in feeling the sense of gratitude toward Heitaro, whom she decided to serve in the rôle of woman: the days, the years that passed made her forget that she was a tree; her love for her temporary husband was sealed in Midori.

The scene changes from night to day. The fallen willow tree never moves when people try to pull it to its destination. Who in the world could know its secret heart? Who could hear its inner voice, except Heitaro and Midori? When they hasten to the place, the tree, not wholly dead, seems to stir as if in joy; why should it not, as its husband and child have come to bid farewell at the moment it is taken over the dark and death? The tree moves when Midori and Heitaro lead the people in singing, because they pull with the strength of humanity and love.

We, I and my friend, were silent when we returned home from the entertainment-hall; I fancied that he was impressed as much as I was. We all take the same step in the matter of humanity without any discussion. I left my friend in his room, I myself retiring into the mosquito-net of my compartment, whence I could see the paper lantern still burning in the darkness, swinging as if a lost spirit of the willow-tree, perhaps, of my garden; what would it speak to me? I could not sleep for some long while, being absorbed in my own reflection.

It was Buddhism which encouraged and endorsed the superstition, even with added reasonings; it would only need a little light of circumstances to make it shine like a pearl which quickens itself, to speak figuratively, with the golden faith within. The humanising of a tree, whether it be a willow or a pine, has its origin in the general Nature-worship which is as old as the sun and the moon; I think it is one of the prides we can fairly well claim that we never laugh, jeer at, or wound Nature, and never invade her domain with cold hearts; it is, in truth, the Western intellect that has taught us of the scheme and secret how to force the battle against Nature. Must we thank the West for our disillusionment? It was the romance of trees—like that of the willow, for instance—that saved at least old Japan from natural ruin; how such an allegorical story impressed our Japanese mind!

I used to hear, when I was young, of the lovely maiden ever so young and sad, who disappeared, like a star into the morning mist, into the cherry-tree, when the evening bell sent the sun down across the West, and the flower-petals fell fast to the ground; I began to dream of the luminous moment of meeting with that lady of apparition, when my boyhood grew to ripen into youth, and of the ecstasy of shock and deathless joy in her single touch. I confess I was ever so haunted by the woman of the cherry-tree. The pain I earned from realising the fact that I should never get her, although she was within my hand's grasp, became healed only lately.

Where I lost my idealism I got humanity; to-day, when my days of youth have begun to fade into the colour of grey, I am married, and have children crawling by my side. The story of the willow-tree appeals to my mind more intensely than the lady of the cherry-blossom. I think that the worship of the tree belongs to an age ten years later than the flower adoration.

YONE NOGUCHI.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS

By ARTHUR MACHEN

It must be, I think, four years since I wrote in *THE ACADEMY* on the subject of Education. And a day or two ago, looking in the daily paper, I saw that somebody had been pointing out that a classical education disposed men to idleness, and that technical instruction in the methods of production and distribution was more useful than the classics, and equally elevating.

Now, though this is nonsense, it is not quite the usual nonsense which is talked on the subject. The man who is opposed to compulsory Greek at the Universities is usually content to say that, though Greek is beautiful, there are comparatively few who are mentally fit to study it; that most young men are constitutionally incapable of deriving benefit from Homer and Sophocles, and that it is mere waste of time to force them to acquire an elementary knowledge of a language which they will never appreciate, and the reformer in most cases presses for some branch or branches of physical science as a substitute for Greek. Then there is another body of opinion which declares brutally, but in the main truly, that Greek does not pay, and that the Universities should teach business methods—otherwise the art of hustling. There are many minds to whom the school described by Stevenson in "The Wrecker" must appeal as the perfection of good sense; the pupils were given imaginary credits at the beginning of each term, and were required to speculate, day by day, in Wall Street and the Wheat Pit. But the most recent of our educational reformers not only says that Greek does not pay, but that a knowledge of commerce elevates the mind. It is an astounding claim; for the life of me I cannot see how a process of instruction in the manufacture, transmission and distribution of Siberian butter and Dutch gin can have on the mind an effect in any way analogous to that produced by the *Odyssey* or the *Edipus*. One might as well say that a draper's shop is as good as the "Arabian Nights;" the proposition is evidently sheer, unthinkable nonsense.

It is nonsense because the aim of true education is to develop, to foster and direct the imaginative faculty—incomparably the most important asset in the human equipment. In saying this, I do not mean to declare that writing novels is the supreme office of man, though I do mean to say that the faculty by which novels are written is the supreme faculty of man. In logical language the imagination is the human "difference;" it is of the essence of humanity. That is, a man without imagination is a contradiction in terms, as inconceivable as a dormouse with a taste for landscape-painting and lyrical poetry. All human performance, every great achievement of man, is the result of the exercise of the imagination; and, it may be added, by the way, this faculty is as necessary in keeping shop as in writing poetry or building Cathedrals. When the late Professor Churton Collins was in America he met an engineer, who told him that he was firmly convinced of the value of the classics in business—in his own business. "They stimulate the imagination," he said, "and all invention is the result of a powerful imagination." Before reading the "Life" of Churton Collins I had occasion to deal with aeroplanes in an article that I was writing. I pointed out that if men had not dreamed long ago of Icarus and of the flying-horse we should not have got our letters by the "First U.K. Aerial Post" the other day. And when you are shown a whole street of shops bearing the same name, and are told how the founder of the business began with one small shop and one assistant you may be sure that here is a case of imagination applied to retail trading.

For reasons of all kinds, then, education ought to be so

ordered as to do everything possible for the development of this faculty; and there is no better way than the way of Latin and Greek. Here you have two literatures; that is, two new-old worlds of thoughts and dreams and beauty; and he who makes the voyage and discovery of these worlds has of necessity widened and broadened and strengthened his imaginative faculty; he is so much more of a man than he who knows no tongue but his own.

Of course there is one great and pressing reform needed in classical—as in all other—education. Referring again to the Life of Professor Churton Collins, I see that Mr. Frederic Harrison, writing to the Professor about the study of Italian, declined to discuss some Board of Examiners; all examiners and all examinations, Mr. Harrison declared, were essentially and inevitably and invariably bad. This is one of the truest and the best things that I have read for many a long day: examinations and the mode of teaching which examinations make necessary are, indeed, utter abominations, grotesque and injurious follies. Examination knowledge is mechanical knowledge, and mechanism of any kind, material or spiritual, is the great foe of the imagination. The examiner and his "papers" should be abolished; and in their place the old system of the thesis—and, possibly, of the disputation—should be restored. The only test of real knowledge is the doing of original work. The carpenter who wants a job is not required to describe a plane from memory; he has to show that he knows how to use a plane.

It is ill indeed that people are talking this sorry stuff about the abolition of the classics, in this age of all others, when we are most in need of them. It is odd how the obvious things, how the things which are terribly and insistently obvious, somehow seem to elude our observation. Ask half a dozen men to tell you what in their opinion is the distinguishing and prerogative mark of the present age: each will give you a different answer, and I doubt if one will be the true and real answer. The religious man will tell you, sadly, that there is a great falling off in faith—people don't believe as they used to believe. The politician will impress on you that this is a democratic age; that "the people" are at length coming to their own. The "practical" man will talk of the improved means of locomotion; he will tell you that in the last hundred years we have made more advance in this way than in the eighteen hundred years which preceded them. Then another will point to the spread of education; yet another to the extraordinary developments of science; another to the unique complexity of the social and economic problem in our times. And all these answers are right in a sense; but not one of them is the real answer. Most of these points have been paralleled in the past. No period can ever be more faithless than the age in which Horace flourished. The servile class did not vote in the Athens of the Peloponnesian war; but the Athenian democracy was democratic enough to ruin the State by sheer power of oratory—otherwise gabble. As for modern science—I speak, be it understood, of the science of the last ten years—it is rapidly approximating to the position of the ancient alchemists. And as for education, I have seen many letters from the products of the modern L.C.C. school which are neither better nor worse spelt than the epistle of the Vinegar-yard lady in Smollett. No, none of these answers really establishes the grand point of difference between this age and other ages. Even the swift travelling answer is not satisfactory. It is true we do move about much more quickly than our ancestors; but the difference is neither radical nor essential. I cannot feel that Edinburgh, for example, would impinge differently upon me if I took eighty hours to get to it instead of eight hours.

What, then, is the essential difference between man as he is and man as he was? Just this, I think, that imagination

has become—or almost become—a dead language. Observe, I do not say an unknown language. Latin is a tongue perfectly well-known to a good many people. Indeed, I have no doubt that there have been hundreds or even thousands of scholars in the last three hundred years whose knowledge of Latin has been greater than that possessed by many ancient Romans. Nevertheless, Latin is undoubtedly a dead language.

And so it is with the imagination. We have great artists now—men who by a conscious and intense effort unlearn, as it were, the tongue that is in their ears all day long, and acquire the strange speech of beauty. These are the fakirs of art; people who through great agonies have raised themselves into a kind of superhuman ecstasy. We have artists as we have scholars; but we have no craftsmen, any more than we have little children who babble away in funny, unconscious Latin to one another, quite unaware of the fact that they are using the *oratio obliqua*, and of the rule as to *dum* in the sense of *donec*. A man no longer takes a bit of wood, a bit of stone, or a bit of iron, and quite unconsciously makes it into something beautiful. He may be taught to copy—and perhaps to copy exquisitely—the work of former years; but if he does so he will be speaking a dead language; he will be like a clever schoolboy with his elegiacs, that sound as good as anything that Ovid ever wrote, which are, for all that, a mere exercise: wax fruit, not fruit growing and swelling on the tree. And all the natural and unconscious beauties of the old craftsmen were fruits of the live tree of the imagination, and that tree, I am afraid, is now dead.

HOME RULE AND ANTIQUARIANISM

By PROFESSOR T. M. KETTLE

I.

SIR CHARLES WALPOLE will not think me merely rude if I begin by observing that his two excellent articles* belong rather to antiquarianism than to politics. Who now reads Bolingbroke? asked Edmund Burke. And who now dreams of linking the modern Home Rule demand with Poyning's Act or the Sixth of George the First? The assemblies of which Sir Charles Walpole writes were not Parliaments of Ireland: they were merely Parliaments of the English interest in Ireland. As such, they are a fit and fruitful subject for research. Not only do they belong to Irish history, but, studied at large and in the full context of their times, they are Irish history. But to the ordinary Nationalist they have no more to do with Home Rule than the Edict of Nantes.

Let me explain. There was a period—about the beginning of the eighteenth century—in which the history of Parliamentary institutions in Ireland was canvassed in a violent controversy. Less than a decade after the Battle of the Boyne Ireland renews her old task of conquering her conquerors. The colonists stir with that ferment which is afterwards, in Grattan's words and under Grattan's leadership, to "transform a Protestant settlement into an Irish nation." In such circumstances these men of the Pale naturally turned for justification to the history of the Pale Parliaments. Molynaux, the friend of Petty, argued the independence of Ireland—that is to say, the English colony in Ireland—with such weight of precedent that the Government handed over his book for review to their most effective critic—the public hangman. That functionary burned it in 1698 with all due ceremony; but the book had

a hidden flame of its own which struck from mind to mind, not missing Swift's, until corruption was withered up, and a place scorched clean for the founding of Grattan's Parliament.

In those days Sir Charles Walpole's essay would have touched raw nerves in Dublin and London. Favourably or unfavourably received, he would certainly have had nothing to complain of in the matter of liveliness. To-day one reads it with a sort of pleasant lassitude. It interests, even fascinates, but it has nothing in the world to do with the Home Rule Bill of 1912. Suppose you prove to a Nationalist that Ireland, or at least the Pale, did in the past enjoy political autonomy as of right; he will reply, "Very good. Let us restore it in a large way." If *per impossibile* you prove the contrary, he will reply, with unruffled amiability, "Very good. Since Irish autonomy has never before existed, it will be our glory to create it." Either way you are encumbering yourself with what a Longford peasant would call dead knowledge.

II.

All this will apply with less force to the Parliament of 1782-1800 than to earlier Assemblies. That body was but the mutilated torso of a National Parliament. Or rather, since a living image is more appropriate, it was an immature organism which had not yet grown up, and was never suffered to grow up, to the stature of the Irish nation. Yet, although it was a Garrison Parliament, it had begun to find its way to the hearts and the affection of the people. Although it was a Penal-law Parliament, it had learned from Grattan the gospel of religious freedom, and had in 1793 made a substantial move towards the emancipation of the Catholic majority. Above all, and for all its limitations, it was an experiment in freedom which had richly justified itself, especially in the field of material progress. For these reasons the extinction of Grattan's Parliament is regarded by Home Rulers of the present day as a crime of *lèse-liberté* of a fundamental kind; the memory of what that Assembly was and what it did holds a place both in the prose and in the poetry of the national movement. And for these reasons it is necessary to correct a cardinal error into which Sir Charles Walpole has fallen:—

This Parliament, which extinguished itself more than a century ago, was, with one exception, a Home Rule Parliament as defined by Mr. Redmond—viz., "a Parliament freely elected, with an executive responsible thereto."

The exception which he specifies turns on the exclusion of Catholics. But there was another exception which breaks the very backbone of the comparison. The Executive Government in Grattan's Parliament was responsible not to the Irish, but to the English House of Commons. Without this fact as a key, the course of Irish politics in that period would be altogether unintelligible. In a matter so notorious it is hardly necessary to call witnesses, but the reader will permit me to quote the brief account of the system given by Mrs. J. R. Green in her recent book "Irish Nationality:—

All Bills had to go through the Privy Council, whose secret and overwhelming influence was backed by the Privy Council in England, the English law officers, and finally the English Cabinet. Irish proposals were rejected not in Parliament, but in these secret Councils. The King had a veto in Ireland, not in England. The English Cabinet, changing with English parties, had the last word on every Irish Bill. There was no Irish Cabinet responsible to the Irish Houses; no Ministry resigned, whatever the majority by which it was defeated.

It was precisely because Grattan's Parliament was not a Home Rule Parliament that Pitt and his agents were able to organise its suicide and self-extinction. It must be remembered that when the Union was first proposed in

* THE ACADEMY, September 23rd and September 30th.

1799 it was defeated. Had a system of Home Rule existed the Government would have been driven from office, and in the inevitable Election the patriotic Opposition would have damned Pitt's plan beyond all redemption. But the Government were under no compulsion to resign. They remained to bribe, to bully, to cajole with insincere promises, and by these methods to accomplish what Lecky styles the great crime and great blunder of the Union.

III.

So much for what I have called, in no wounding spirit, the antiquarianism of Home Rule. Let me not seem so foolish as to suggest that there is no historical argument for Irish autonomy: such an argument there is, and, fully understood, it is conclusive. But to find it you must go to the whole spiritual and material history of the Irish nation, and not to the merely political history of that fragment of the Garrison which, from time to time, created for itself assemblies of varying degrees of power or impotence. This argument has often been made, but we modern Home Rulers have it for our foible to be loyal to the twentieth century. We are sick of that caricature which depicts Ireland as the mad heroine of a sort of perpetual suttee in which all the interests of the present are immolated on the funeral-pyre of the past. "Repeal the Union!" cried Canning in one of his lapses; "Restore the Heptarchy!" We agree. The mere fact that an institution existed a hundred years ago is no reason why it should be re-established to-day; that principle, if conceded, would bring back not only Grattan's Parliament, but the Bourbons. We go, not upon the past, but upon the present. History is indeed necessary to any full comprehension of the content of politics; it is the Rubicon between savagery and civilisation, between a horde and a nation. But if all the histories were burned, and an impartial observer (moved by no bias except a weakness for justice and efficiency) were to study the actual government of Ireland, we claim that his report would be an unanswerable case for Home Rule. An attempt will be made in a further article to give a sort of shorthand summary of the main lines of that report. For the moment, as an indispensable introduction, we may so far follow Sir Charles Walpole as to ascertain, by the historical method, what is really meant by Home Rule.

There has been in Ireland a marked evolution of thought on the subject. O'Connell began by demanding simple Repeal of the Union. But by 1844 he had advanced towards a Federal programme.

"Besides the local Parliament in Ireland having full and perfect local authority," he writes in that year, "there should be, for questions of Imperial concern, colonial, military and naval, and of foreign alliance and policy a Congressional or Federal Parliament, in which Ireland should have a fair share and proportion of representation and power." The change of programme was not received with universal approval. O'Connell died, and Repeal and Federation alike were swallowed up in the Great Famine. But when Isaac Butt came to formulate his scheme at the Home Rule Conference of 1873, he renewed the Federal proposal in terms almost verbally the same. The Conference resolved:—

That, in claiming these rights and privileges for our country, we adopt the principle of a Federal arrangement, which would secure to the Irish Parliament the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, while leaving to the Imperial Parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the Imperial Crown and Government, legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the Crown, the relations of the Empire with Foreign States, and all matters appertaining to the defence and stability of the Empire at large; as well

as the power of granting and providing the supplies necessary for Imperial purposes.

Mr. Parnell declared his mind with great candour on the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Bill in 1886:—

Undoubtedly I should have preferred the restitution of Grattan's Parliament . . . but I consider that there are practical advantages connected with the proposed statutory body, limited and subordinate to the Imperial Parliament as it undoubtedly will be, which will render it much more useful and advantageous to the Irish people than was Grattan's Parliament. . . .

It seems clearly established, by the way, that Mr. Parnell had never been at the trouble of ascertaining the nature and powers of Grattan's Parliament. Mr. Redmond stands where Parnell stood. He claims for the Irish people "the legislative and executive control of all purely Irish affairs."

Where, asks the triumphant critic, is the line to be drawn between Irish and Imperial affairs? We answer that it was drawn by O'Connell and Butt, by Gladstone and Parnell. It can be drawn to meet the circumstances of to-day by men of goodwill, after discussion and mutual adjustment. Why not postpone Ireland until a scheme of Home Rule all round, either for the United Kingdom or for the whole Empire, can be worked out? We answer that Ireland comes first on grounds both of ethics and expediency. But a Home Rule assembly, functioning in Dublin, may well afford a model and a basis for a new organisation of the Empire. If so, let it be remembered that it was not Mr. Chamberlain but Mr. O'Connell who first in these countries gave Imperialism a definite and articulate form. Enough has been said at all events to show that Home Rule is no mere resurrection of a mouldered past, but a modern polity devised for modern needs. It differs not in species, but in genus from the Assemblies of which Sir Charles Walpole has written.

SOME NEW EXPERIENCES

BY FRANK HARRIS

AGAIN and again lately I have been asked why I don't criticise living writers and books of the day in the same spirit as I criticise Shakespeare. Now whenever the chance comes to me this is just what I do: I criticised Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale" in this way, and now I seize the opportunity to talk of Mr. Wells' latest book and a play of Lord Dunsany.

The book of Mr. Wells is entitled "The Country of the Blind" (Nelsons), and contains some thirty of his short stories—all those he thinks worthy of republication. In an "Introduction," which deals with the efflorescence of short stories in the 'nineties, he mentions me with Barrie and Stevenson among the notable writers, and I can hardly show my appreciation better than by talking frankly of some of these short stories of his. The majority I had read when they first appeared, and had found abundant cleverness in them and an admirable sense of what is fitting in form and language; but nothing more, no revelation of human nature, no appeal to the soul, nothing enduring. Had that been all I should have been unable to say anything of this book, for it is my custom only to consider such books as I love and can therefore praise from the bottom of my heart. The star-finder and not the fault-finder, it seems to me, is the true critic.

In this book, however, there are two stories which I read

with the keenest interest—two stories of the kind I most admire, which, therefore, I am delighted to praise and appraise, for they will show us Mr. Wells, I believe, at his most characteristic. The two stories are "The Country of the Blind," which has given its name to the book, and "The Door in the Wall." Both stories are symbolic, and have accordingly a double interest for us as stories first and afterwards as allegories illustrating some spiritual truth or experience.

Before analysing them let me say one thing in general about their author and his place in contemporary literature. In my opinion neither Barrie nor Stevenson has written anything at all comparable with these two stories of Mr. Wells. Indeed, "The Man Who Would be King" is the only story of Kipling which I would rank with these two, and, speaking frankly, I prefer "The Country of the Blind" to Kipling's best.

Having said this about Mr. Wells not grudgingly but with real pleasure, I must get to the stories themselves. On reading them through again I cannot recapture the pleasure I felt when I first read "The Door in the Wall." It seems to me only half thought out. It's as if a man of genius had caught the idea of a great story and then treated it off-hand slap-dash as a journalist.

I do not speak only of the writing of the story, but of the architecture of it, though, as often happens, the writing is on much the same level as the architecture. The hero is a child when he first finds the Door in the Wall, the door leading into the paradise of dreams, the ideal world. Now that does not seem to me to be true.

A child has no need of a door in the wall in order to find paradise: the whole world is miraculous to him, wonderful, fascinating. It is not an ordinary person who is about to come round the corner, but an Indian in full war-paint with bleeding scalps hanging from his waistbelt. The loafer at the public-house is not a wastrel, but a boatswain who has just returned from a pirate cruise on the Spanish main. In childhood all doors lead into the ideal world. But when childhood is over and forgotten and the real world has made its grotesque, tragic imprint on the soul, the youth finds the door in the wall with his first love; she first teaches him that he is dirtied with the world's mud, and his ideals even are unworthy. It is his first love which transforms the world for him, shows him what might be, opens for him the door in the wall, and gives him a foretaste of paradise.

Mr. Wells is not content with choosing a child to find the door in the wall; he also invents a sort of governess, who turns the child out of his earthly paradise; and here again the symbolism of the story, it seems to me, is not observed. No outsider turns us out of paradise; we leave the ideal world of our own free will, because, after all, we are much more at home in the real world, and our souls hanker after the fleshpots. The youth comes out of his paradise because he misses the homely touch of common things, and his soul even thirsts for the taste of a girl's lips. At least so it seems to me, and I should have liked Mr. Wells to find the artistic symbol for this truth.

Still, I admire "The Door in the Wall" on the whole, though I should have preferred another ending. I think Mr. Wells should have presented his hero as having attained his goal and realised his ambition; he should have been offered the Premiership, and then when he had reached the best that this world could offer I would have had him turn away to seek the "Door in the Wall" and the ideal world. Still, as I say, Mr. Wells' version is provocative and interesting, though I must insist that I could not re-read the story with the pleasure I felt at first. It did not seem to me to wear well.

I can leave it the more readily because it is not so good a story as "The Country of the Blind." Mr. Wells was right to make this, the eponymous story, the chief story of the book. It is far and away the best story in it, and I think one of Mr. Wells' latest stories; at any rate it is his masterpiece.

Mr. Wells compares the short story with a small picture, and this is the right way of looking at it; but if, instead of treating the short story or small picture as a "jolly art," he had just recalled the fact that all the greatest stories of the world were short stories, that "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" and "Lear," like the "Antigone" and the "Agamemnon," are short stories, just as most of the great pictures of the world are small pictures, he would have come nearer the truth. But still here is his masterpiece. Let us see how he has treated it.

"The Country of the Blind" is thirty-three pages long, or, say, ten thousand words, and the first thing that strikes me is that Mr. Wells takes nearly ten pages to get his hero into "The Country of the Blind," ten pages which have no influence on the story at all, which do not even tell us much about the hero; ten pages of what I must call scaffolding, necessary to the builder, no doubt, in order to help his imagination to work, but which should have been taken away after the house was built, the story realised.

But now we come with Nunez the mountaineer of the Andes, and find ourselves in "the narrow, shut-in valley which is 'The Country of the Blind.'" At the very beginning Mr. Wells strikes the keynote. Through the mind of Nunez runs the old proverb, as if it were a refrain, "In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king."

It was this proverb, no doubt, which gave Mr. Wells the idea of the story. He will show us that this proverb is not true, is indeed the reverse of the truth, the theme of Mr. Wells' story being that in the country of the blind the man with eyes will be made a common servant, and before he is admitted to citizenship or fellowship he must lose his eyes and become blind. Now there is, of course, an element of truth in this theory.

All the stories of great men born into the world are stories of men gifted with eyesight in the country of the blind. It is not true that the man with sight becomes king; it is never true except with many qualifications. Let us examine the matter. With fine insight Mr. Wells begins with the fact that the blind will not believe what the man with eyes says, and the truths he tells them make them hate him. He represents to us that Nunez, his hero, gets into conflict with the blind people, which, of course, is true, and at last, in order to get food, he has to submit to them, and they make him a servant. Here my agreement with Mr. Wells comes to an end.

He represents Nunez as isolated in a hostile world; no one believes in him, no one credits the fact of his vision; even the girl he loves begs him to submit to an operation, and be blinded in order to become like an ordinary person. Rather than consent to this, he leaves her, and climbs up out of the shut-in valley, and turns his back for ever on the country of the blind.

Now all this, it seems to me, is false, and a libel on humanity of the worst. Mr. Wells has fallen into a half truth lower than the proverb he seeks to disprove; lower because more hopeless and more untrue. The truth is that in the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king; but not the man with two eyes and perfect sight. Your Mahomet, who is one-eyed, makes himself king; your Shakespeare, who has two eyes and perfect sight, is made a common servant of, and passes through life almost unknown by the

many. It is, however, absolutely untrue to say that even a towering genius like Shakespeare can be born into the world with no one to understand him or appreciate him. On the contrary, your Ben Jonson sees him completely, and, when he is not blinded by vanity and jealousy, he will boldly proclaim that Shakespeare was not "for an age, but for all time," greater than any Greek or Roman of them all, an Immortal among the Immortals. Even Lord Southampton saw enough of him to give him £1,000, or say £10,000 of our money, in order to let him buy the best house in Stratford, and write his "Hamlets," that no one cared for, rather than the "Titus Andronicuses" which every one hurried to see. On this side and on that, when he least expected it, Shakespeare found admirers and defenders. Were that not true genius would end in suicide. And as we drop in the scale and come to the one-eyed we find the appreciation more common and the admiration more intense.

Luther comes out of the first examination almost in despair. Every one seems against him, the nobles as well as the priests, and the common people are awe-stricken and stand aloof. Suddenly a knight whom he does not know comes up to him and slaps him on the shoulder cheerily: "Well done, little monk!" he cries; "go on; you'll win yet;" and Luther, thrilling, makes up his mind to go on to Worms "though it rain devils." Mahomet, too, found supporters even among his enemies, and help and encouragement on all hands. Did not Napoleon conquer twenty millions of people without a weapon and almost without striking a blow? The truth is every great man born into the world is surrounded by an invisible cloud of witnesses, some of whom see him as he is, others catch glimpses now and then of his greatness, enough to recognise and admire and love him. Of course he will be lonely in proportion to his greatness, but he will never be alone, and for the one supporter whom he knows there are a hundred whom he may never know, but who are working for him. What does Wordsworth say?—

Thou hast great allies,
Thy friends are exultations, agonies
And love and man's unconquerable mind.

One other feature of Mr. Wells' story strikes me as untrue and unduly pessimistic. The girl whom Nunez loves does not recognise his superiority, and begs him to let himself be blinded in order to be as other men and marry her. This appears to me a libel on womanhood: when even the Disciples hide themselves and hold aloof, the women kept near the Cross heedless of self. Mahomet's wife stood by him through good and evil report, even when he married a younger woman. The girl Shakespeare loved did not, perhaps, see him as we see him; but she surely knew that he was an extraordinary man, and gave herself to him in defiance of convention and morality with passionate abandonment. The truth is that the great man, almost without exception, finds his most constant and most loyal supporters among women. Women have a peculiar weakness for the best and for the worst of men. It is mediocrity that leaves them cold.

Mr. Wells' reading of the whole story is unduly pessimistic, a libel on humanity: and how lamely it ends! Nunez, the great man, can do nothing but leave the Country of the Blind no wiser than he entered it. What an impotent and disappointing conclusion!

And yet the idea is a great idea, and the story one of the best of English stories, only Mr. Wells has taken his art too lightly; the "jolly art" must be a ministry before it produces a masterpiece.

E

REVIEWS

A NATION IN THE MAKING

A Holiday in South Africa. By the RIGHT HON. SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND. (William Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.)

A WORK from the pen of Sir H. Mortimer Durand cannot fail to attract attention, even though it be of the light nature suggested by its title. The book, indeed, consists of a number of sketches which have appeared in serial form, and which are concerned with the author's experiences in the course of his trip, a journey undertaken in order to "watch on the spot the progress of the movement which has now resulted in the birth of a new nation."

The author's itinerary included Capetown—this as a matter of course—Kimberley, Potchefstroom, the battlefields of Natal, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Bulawayo, the Victoria Falls, and Salisbury. Thus he saw many things, and what is more, if the expression be permissible, he saw them shrewdly, as was only to be expected. Perhaps the most valuable of his remarks are those which deal with the question affecting Briton and Boer, whites and blacks. Concerning the eventual fusion of the two former races he is optimistic. It is undoubtedly with strong reason that Sir Mortimer points out that the differences which separated them, far from being inherent, were for the most part the result of mutual misunderstandings. Although in certain quarters some slumbering rancour may yet remain, there can be no doubt that the final traces of this must in the very near future die out completely beneath the force of the new ideals which now fill the mental horizon of the South African.

However paradoxical it may appear, no force would seem to rival that of a sanguinary war in the subsequent uniting of factions and nations. In South Africa history has repeated itself once again. Until the conclusion of the great struggle between Briton and Boer the conception of United South Africa was an undreamed-of thing. Nevertheless during the past decade not only has birth been given to the idea, but the vague inception of the ambition has now matured and swollen into a definite aim that looms large in the minds of the various colonies. This, when it is achieved—as, apparently, cannot fail sooner or later to be the case—must inevitably quench the last sparks of jealousy and animosity. The predicted consummation, it is true, cannot fail to exercise a certain influence upon the Empire as a whole; but so long as the leaders continue to be imbued with a fitting spirit not only of patriotism, but of ordinary fairness, there is no reason why this influence should not work purely towards a very admirable end. In any case, the workings of this new force are already evident, having increased amazingly in intensity during the past two years. In Natal itself, "of all the four colonies the most exclusively British in blood and sentiment," the growth of national feeling has already attained to unexpected proportions. Concerning this the following paragraph is of exceptional interest:—

As one Natal man put it to me, "The Dutch don't love us and we shall have some unpleasant pills to swallow; but if we keep our tempers all will come right in the end. It is better for the country." That was what men were beginning to say everywhere, "It is better for the country." Among soldiers and civilians alike, between October and January, the feeling seemed to spread like a prairie fire. The men who had come out in their thousands nine years before to fight against the Boer invaders now caught up the cry of Africa for the Africander; and merchant and lawyer and farmer seemed to join in with equal enthusiasm.

The agitation, the author explains, is the work of English-

men loyal to the British flag, and than the chief of their Boer collaborators, General Botha, no personage is to be more fully admired and trusted. Sir Mortimer Durand has much to say on the relations between the colonies and the motherland. Very justly he emphasises the fact that, while untravelled folk at home clamour for a full measure of loyalty from Greater Britain, they themselves are not a little apt to forget that they owe to the lands oversea as much as is given. As an example of crass foolishness he cites the case of an Englishman who inquired of a visiting Canadian concerning his President, naming the President of the United States!

On the subject of the colour problem the author's remarks cannot fail to be appreciated by those who have had actual experience of this very burning question. Although the expression of his views is necessarily somewhat guarded, he is in favour of yielding to the judgment of the men on the spot whose knowledge has been gained by practical experience. The Kaffir is a child with the passions of a man, and undoubtedly requires firmer handling than is agreeable to the minds of a number of sentimental and untravelled folk in England. The present condition of affairs is, to say the least of it, unsatisfactory. The limitations of caste have entered with lamentable thoroughness into the field of manual labour. All unskilled labour, having become "Kaffir's work," is shunned by the white, whether Africander or newly-arrived European. The result has been the inevitable one—the demoralisation of the lower classes of European labourers, and the formation of an aristocracy of the whites that is to a large extent spurious. The situation is the more to be regretted since so large a proportion of South Africa is eminently fitted for European manual toil. No effectual remedy has yet been introduced, but the situation is one that has to be faced in all seriousness, for until a solution is found the progress of South Africa will continue to be retarded by a condition of affairs that in itself is purely artificial.

PAULINE THEOLOGY

St. Paul in the Light of Modern Research. By the Rev. J. R. COHT, sometime Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. (Edward Arnold. 5s. net.)

It is a pity that Mr. Cohu did not give his latest book the title which in his Preface he admits would have been better—viz., "St. Paul in the Light of Modern Thought." For the chief part of this clever work is a searching examination of Pauline theology in relation to the development of modern views on Christianity. At the same time those who know the author's former writings will understand that there is no shrinking from the most recent critical standpoint, though such criticism is rather incidental than the main thesis.

Mr. Cohu adopts the view of Matthew Arnold that "Paul's reign has only begun," and that his influence in the future will lie in direct ratio to the liberation of his ideas "from the elaborate misconceptions with which ecclesiasticism has overlaid them." We wonder what Arnold would have said about Mr. Cohu's estimate of St. Paul's conception of the Church and the Sacraments. It appears to us sufficiently "ecclesiastical" to accommodate the most orthodox. But whatever line he adopts, Mr. Cohu is possessed with a refreshing, even captivating boldness.

He begins by the startling, if probable, statement that "Paul himself, were he amongst us now, would be the very first to call for a revision of his own theology in the interests of Paulinism and of religion itself." It is slightly humorous to contemplate Paul among the higher critics. It is no disparagement to Mr. Cohu to say that he has himself stepped into the gap. But his method is not so much that

of revision as an explanation of the development of St. Paul's ideas to a convergent maturer aspect by a natural evolution of his views, and an endeavour to translate the Pauline theology into the message required to-day. This in itself is no easy task, especially in the face of the varying and contradictory opinions on St. Paul's writings advanced by opposing schools of thought. We congratulate Mr. Cohu on a distinct measure of success. He has given us a scholarly piece of work, full of original thought, with a keen perception of the complex and baffling character of the Apostle. His chief aim is to show that the theology or teaching of St. Paul is based absolutely on the religion of Christ, and that these two are absolutely correlative: in concrete expression the Gospel of the Sermon on the Mount and the Gospel of the Pauline Epistles is one.

Such a position, we are aware, presents great difficulties to some minds. In dealing with this difficulty Mr. Cohu is at his best. With minute care he approaches what seem glaring inconsistencies, while he patiently unravels the tangle of Judaism in which Paul's philosophy is wrapped. The bed-rock of his position is the personal relation of Paul to Christ. Paul's views on Predestination, Justification, and Election may be illogical, inconsistent, limited, and coloured with Rabbinical teaching. That does not touch us to-day. What is important is his conception of the Person and work of Christ, and, above all, his experience and realisation of the effects of Christ's example and teaching on his own life, and, prophetically, on the life of all Christians in succeeding ages. This is admirably brought out by Mr. Cohu. In our estimate to-day of St. Paul's teaching we have to liberate ourselves from hallowed prejudices, from traditional views and accepted prepossessions, but "it is as hard for us to escape from them as it was for Paul to shake himself entirely free of his Rabbinic Judaism." Mr. Cohu thinks that the difficulty is insuperable for many. But he has done first-rate pioneering work in clearing the way. Not that he would claim to have overcome all obstacles. Far from it. Paul's views on sin and death, flesh and spirit bring us into very deep waters. Yet one great truth emerges—salvation through the love of Christ. This should be sufficiently clear as an answer to those who say "Leave St. Paul and go back to Christ." But in this direction Paul is emphatically the leader. Here pre-eminently, Mr. Cohu rightly insists, is his message to modern thought.

Having said thus much, it is only fair to add that we cannot quite follow the author in all his interpretations. The chapter on Paul's Conversion is weak and inconclusive. To attach the hackneyed label "psychological" tells us nothing. To speak of "eliminating the magical element" betrays a misleading notion of the term "magic," which is a crude mechanical process totally different from supernatural religion. Is any difference of belief required for the account of Paul's Conversion and for the Baptism or Transfiguration, or the Ascension of Christ? Is there any difference of degree? Is one more difficult than the other? But there is nothing savouring of "magic," as anthropologically understood, in any of these relations.

The chapter on the gradual development of Paul's views on Eschatology is remarkable for some unexpected deductions; notably that his later teaching involves our Lord's Resurrection direct from the Cross and not from the Tomb, that our resurrection is instantaneous at the moment of death, that there is no intermediate state, and that Paul believed in the universal salvation of all mankind. These and similar difficulties are summed up in an excellent appendix on the hopeless Antinomies of St. Paul. All students of the Pauline Epistles should welcome Mr. Cohu's valuable study, which certainly finds a place among the ablest and most interesting theological works of the year.

POEMS

The Inn of Dreams. By OLIVE CUSTANCE (Lady Alfred Douglas). (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

The City of the Soul. By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS. Third Edition. (John Lane. 5s net.)

SEVERAL of the poems by "Olive Custance," which appear in this new collection, "*The Inn of Dreams*," will be familiar to those who have read a slim volume by the same author entitled "*The Blue Bird*," "*Endymion*," "*Hyacinthus*," "*Black Butterflies*," "*Beauty*," and others, are here reprinted. Knowing the prevailing attribute of these—a certain charming dreaminess of outlook which invests all things seen with a mantle of gleaming, jewel-like words—they will be prepared to find the same quality expressed here. It is the same quality, we must admit—neither stronger nor more advanced in thought, and to the sternly critical eye there is not much "muscle" in these poems. There is considerable beauty, however, and we are not sure whether it is not better to write daintily and delicately than to belong, as it were, to the glorious company of footballer poets who kick their ideas high into the heavens and gasp mightily and unrhymically with the exertion. They are liable to be rather unlovely and crude; they can never make the

Little passionate song
Out of the shadows of immortal things,

as "Olive Custance" happily expresses it. Hardly a poem in this book is without some haunting line, such as the imagery from "*Spring in the South*," a sonnet:—

And as a lovely woman languidly
Trailing her long blue robes, so comes the sea. . . .

Some of the stanzas err, however, by being too precious and artificial; the first passage of "*Candle-light*" is an example:—

Frail golden flowers that perish at a breath,
Flickering points of honey-coloured flame,
From sun-set gardens of the moon you came,
Pale flowers of passion . . . delicate flowers of death . . .

Very young poets invariably do this sort of work, and are generally sorry for it after. How much better and stronger is the sonnet entitled "*Grief*," with its fine opening:—

I, that was once so eager for the light,
The vehement pomp and passion of the day,
Am tired at last, and glad to steal away
Across the dusky borders of the night;

or the little lyric "*Daffodil Dawn*," simple, yet as cleanly and clearly cut as a diamond.

Lord Alfred Douglas, while intent as ever upon perfect artistry, adventures in wider fields of thought. There is no need to criticise at length this third edition of his "*City of the Soul*"—the poems were welcomed long ago as exceptional both in the fineness of their technique and the beauty of their conception; all lovers of poetry know the worth of the sonnets. Here, for instance, the true poet speaks:—

Only to build one crystal barrier
Against this sea which beats upon our days;
To ransom one lost moment with a rhyme!
Or, if Fate cries and grudging gods demur,
To clutch Life's hair, and thrust one naked phrase
Like a lean knife between the ribs of Time.

Greatly daring, Lord Alfred even wrote a "*Sonnet on the Sonnet*," and it is worthy to rank with its classic predecessors. Again, an "*Ode to Autumn*" many poets

conscious of great gifts might have hesitated to indite, but the author is justified in the very first verses:—

Thou sombre lady of down-bended head,
And weary lashes drooping to the cheek,
With sweet, sad fold of lips uncomfited,
And listless hands more tired with strife than meek;
Turn here thy soft, brown feet, and to my heart,
Unmatched to Summer's golden minstrelsy,
Or Spring's shrill pipe of joy, sing once again
Sad songs, and I to thee
Well-tuned, will answer that according part
That jarred with those young seasons' gladder strain.

We have quoted enough for fairness—enough to refresh the memories of those who have read and to quicken the desire of those who have not. Such distinguished work is needed in a day when tinkers, tailors, and pushers of bath-chairs take to "literature," and we could wish that more of it came from the same hand.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Health for Young and Old, Its Principles and Practice.

By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. (Wm. Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN this unconventional manual the author's aim has been to enforce those principles that underlie all health questions, and to lay stress on certain facts in daily life that are but little known. So instead of laying down exact laws and dietaries, which, after all, can only suit the few, and hence prove inapplicable to the majority, he confines himself to pointing out the general rules that govern health at different ages. He divides his work into two parts—"The Principles of Hygiene" and "The Practice of Hygiene." The first, starting with "*The Story of Life*," ends with "*How to Wash*," and the twelve chapters forming it embody a great amount of necessary information and advice. In the second part it is sad to read: "If ten babies are born in the slums, one lives; if in the West End, five live." And: "If a child only succeeds in living till it has turned four, it will not be in much danger of its life till after sixty. It is a dreadful fact to face, that as long as a child is dependent on its nurse and mother absolutely, it seems in imminent danger of its life." This is mostly due to improper feeding. On the other hand it is gratifying to find that Dr. Schofield is decidedly optimistic with regard to our girls. "The girl is getting much taller, stronger, healthier, cleverer, wiser and more sensible every year, and there is far less 'hysteria' and 'nerves' than twenty years ago." This is pleasant reading, for we must not forget that "women have to bear the future race, and it is a physical necessity for the well-being of mankind that the bodies of women be strong, healthy and well proportioned in every way,"

And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Dr. Schofield has dealt learnedly and exhaustively with his subject, and his manual should be welcomed by every household.

Byways of Ghost-Land. By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL. (Wm. Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

OF ghost-stories there is seemingly no end, and Mr. Elliott O'Donnell has firmly established himself as a recognised provider of this particular variety of literary fare. Every few months he produces a fresh batch of vouched-for

accounts of awe-inspiring and blood-curdling ghostly phenomena, and this, his latest collection of the so-called "strange—but true" is quite as horrific as the earlier ones. We have not the space to introduce the reader into the numerous byways the author has explored either personally or through the medium of friends, but we cannot refrain from quoting the following experience from the chapter entitled "Buddhas and Boggle Chairs." It has to do with one of the latter, "a uniquely beautiful piece of furniture" made of ebony:—

One o'clock struck, and ere the hollow-sounding vibrations had ceased the vague form once again appeared behind the chair, and the malignant, evil eyes met mine in a diabolical stare; whilst, as before, on trying to speak or move, I found myself tongue-tied and paralysed. As the moments slowly glided away the shape of the thing became more and more distinct; a dark and sexless face appeared, surmounted with a straggling mass of black hair, the ends of which melted away into mist. I saw no trunk, but I descried two long and bony arms, ebony as the chair, with crooked, spidery, misty fingers. As I watched its development with increasing horror . . . I suddenly realised with a fresh grip of terror that the chair had moved out of the corner, and that the Thing behind it was slowly creeping towards me. . . . Clawing at my throat with its sable fingers, it thrust me backwards, and I sank gasping, retching, choking on to the pillow, where I underwent all the excruciating torments of strangulation.

The volume contains a number of other equally terrifying experiences, and the wonder is that so many persons have survived to place them on record. Even on the peaceful Thames Embankment, up Chelsea way, Mr. O'Donnell has encountered at twilight giant spectral reeds and bulrushes which swished across his face. We are wondering what he will have to tell us next, and devoutly hoping there will be no rise in the price of salt.

Missionary Adventures: A Simple History of the S.P.G. By G. M. FORDE. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Church and the Children: A Handbook of the Graded Sunday-school and the Catechism. By REV. R. E. JOHNSTON. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

IN "Missionary Adventures" Miss Georgiana M. Forde relates some of the principal adventures and vicissitudes which befell the pioneers of the S.P.G., and also traces the progress of that Society in various parts of the world. Founded in June, 1701, in a comparatively short space of time its missionaries turned their ceaseless energy to the work of spreading the Gospel. Centres were established in many parts of Africa, America, and Asia, and the untiring efforts of the pioneers of the movement have been succeeded by those of other generations. The book is concise, well put together, and should prove of great use in the teaching of the young.

The Rev. R. E. Johnston, in preparing a handbook of the graded Sunday-school, does so with the idea of its being introductory to the "Marden Manuals of Graded Lesson Courses" compiled by the same author. The main object of the little work is to aid teachers and those responsible for Sunday-school work in providing instruction suitable to each stage of a child's development, and used in conjunction with the Marden Manuals should prove of great usefulness to those who undertake the training of the young in the Christian Faith.

Map of Tripoli, Morocco, and the Near East. (George Philip and Son. 1s. net.)

THOSE desirous of following the course of the war between Italy and the Ottoman Empire will find this a useful map

for the purpose. It is well printed and cheap, and has the additional advantage of including Portugal within its area, so that the operations of the Royalist raid into that country may be watched at the same time. Inset are maps of Morocco and the Dardanelles on a reduced scale, so the field of likely hostilities is well covered.

FICTION

The Russian Wife. By GERTRUDE M. FOXE. (George Allen and Co. 6s.)

"THE RUSSIAN WIFE" is described as "a story of excitement and startling situations." The prologue raises our hopes—the eccentric poet Bashiloff, who possesses little but his genius, loves the Countess Poljakoff, wife of the rich Vassili Petrovitch. The Countess refuses to fly with her lover to the Caucasus, so the passionate Bashiloff resolves to await the return of the husband. Realising his determination, the woman strikes down her lover with a battle-axe pulled from the wall, and hides the body in a cellar, the family ghost appearing at the correct moment. The social position and advancement of the children had triumphed over the Countess's scanty love. Unfortunately for the reader, this ends the promised excitement, the remainder of the story detailing the morbid history associated with the lover's son. Sergei is unbalanced like his murdered father, but inherits the ambition of his mother; these two traits, aided by his love for his wife, Nadia, completely wreck him. Nadia, the heroine of the story, is the possessor of a love which fills her little soul. The authoress endeavours to persuade us that Nadia, with her boring insistence upon her love and her bottomless wells of patient misery, will save Sergei from himself. Sergei is the central figure of a terrible tragedy in which his love for Nadia wrecks him physically, mentally, politically, and socially. Knowing Nadia, we are surprised at his foolish sacrifice. The story throughout is one of bitterness and gloom, the puppets do not deceive us, and the only true ring occurs when the mad Sergei attempts to avenge his father.

Hurdcott. By JOHN AYSOUGH. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

WE could wish that Mr. Ayscough had given us a little more of the Lambs and of the pretentious Mr. Hazlitt in this book, and a little less of his heroine, Consuelo Dauntsey. The sketch of the former, unfortunately so quickly passing, seems to us executed in an excellent vein of humour, while we do not greatly care for Mr. Ayscough's psychology. He is fond of winging conscientiously around serious matters with complete sincerity and unfailing literary craftsmanship, but he does not succeed in flying high enough to hold our attention. He plays so long with what he finds uncommon in his heroine's character that he manages at last to make her appear commonplace, not to say tiresome. Of Hurdcott, her lover from afar, we hear comparatively little, which is a pity, because he might have been interesting, if one had had the chance of making his closer acquaintance. The reader acknowledges that he had manners above his station, but he does not feel that the unfortunate young man's tragic romance was made any more natural by a posthumous revelation of his exalted blood. Throughout the story there is an exasperating sense of being kept at a distance. This seems partly the effect of the author's rather undramatic methods, and partly due to that common mistake of restricting the humorous vision to the humorous characters. If we could have seen Consuelo and Hurdcott and Basil, the young Eurasian who did not care to be a lord, with the same eyes

as those with which we saw the two Misses Dauntsey, Uncle Rupert, and Lady Caradoc, we should have liked them better, and Mr. Ayscough would have written a better book. As it is he has produced one which is often solemn and not seldom dull. Very pleasing at times it certainly is, but it gives us the impression of having listened to a lay sermon, of having been called upon to reverence two people vastly better than ourselves, who nevertheless leave us cold. And this feeling is enhanced by the fact that while "Hurdcott" is quite a longish production, it has a plot which would not have crowded a short story.

THE THEATRE

MEN, SUPERMEN, AND MARIONETTES

THE London stage is all the better for the return of Sir John Hare and Mr. Robert Loraine—the former a splendid representative of the old school, the latter a young and enthusiastic exponent of the new. It was perhaps as right that Sir John Hare should make his *réentrée* in a piece which might have been written in early Victorian times as that Mr. Loraine should commence management with a play by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Would the result have been any different, we wonder, had Sir John appeared in "Man and Superman" and Mr. Loraine in "The Marionettes"? Would the precise, polished, essentially artificial methods of Sir John have been as strangely wrong in the super-modern play as the natural, breezy vigour of Mr. Loraine's methods would have been quite hopeless in the mechanical, chessboard stuff of M. Pierre Wolff?

"The Marionettes," done into English, and very good English for the most part, by Miss Gladys Unger, suffered somewhat for having been seen after "Man and Superman." Though it is not to be assumed that Mr. Shaw's play is perfect, it has a vitality, a swing, an impudence, and a dialectical persuasiveness which make M. Wolff's play all the more lifeless and made to measure. Then, too, the characters in "Man and Superman" are recognisable. They have their prototypes in a dozen different parts of London, especially Adelphi-terrace, and St. John's-wood. There have been many John Tanners at Oxford. No man can be in the inner ring at Balliol who is not a John Tanner. The Tanner manner is essentially Balliol, and wears off about two years after an undergraduate comes down. England is peopled with Mr. Shaw's apparently impossible women. They may be found in large numbers in Manchester, Leicester, Southport, Bath, Matlock, and Cheltenham. They abound in Earl's-court and West Kensington, and there are one or two in Maidenhead. Mr. Shaw's artistic young men walk on at His Majesty's Theatre in dozens, and occasionally at the St. James's in ones and twos. His elderly ladies are photographically exact, and his Americans, with all their practicality and childish snobishness, visit the City of London every season in ever-increasing numbers.

But where, outside the plays of Sardou and Mr. Sutro, can be found the wire-pulled, inhuman tailor's dummies of "The Marionettes," except in the autumn dramas at Drury-lane? In fact, "The Marionettes" is a Drury Lane drama without its earthquakes, its racehorses, its railway accidents, and its sinking ships. The play is founded on the same artificial thesis, on the same mechanical lines. The characters wear the same clothes nearly always as wrong. They say the same things, with a greater abundance of stilted words. They belong to the same nationality, which is neither French nor English, but the nationality of the theatrical stockpot. M. Wolff calls them by one set of names, M. Sardou called them by another

set, and Messrs. Raleigh, Henry Hamilton, and Alfred Sutro by others. They belong just as obviously to these writers as Mr. Shaw's characters belong to life. We know them for Stockpot at first sight. We know exactly what they are going to do and precisely what they are going to say. Mr. Sutro employed them all in "The Walls of Jericho" and "John Glayde's Honour." They were lately at the Haymarket in "Above Suspicion." We met them quite recently in "The Hope," and here they are again in "The Marionettes." How small a nation Stockpot is can be judged from the fact that its inhabitants do not number more than a dozen, each one of whom has many aliases.

In "The Marionettes" the Marquis Roger de Monclars marries a young convent-bred girl called Fernande to acquire her money. In order that M. Wolff may spread his mechanism over four Acts he makes this Roger of Stockpot blind and deaf so that he shall neither see nor hear the overwhelming love of his baby-wife, which is tremendously plain to every one else. He also, for the same reason, makes Fernande unaware of the fact that there are hundreds of shops in Paris at which she can buy the pretty, fashionable clothes that are worn by all her friends. He asks us to believe that Roger is so great a fool that he cannot see the obvious beauty of his wife because she is not dressed by Lucile. That is the First Act. In the Second Act he dresses Fernande in the skimpy coverings of a demi-mondaine and shows us Roger in love. He makes him so obviously and hastily in love that it becomes the subject of amusement to all her friends. There are to be, however, two more Acts, so he then makes Fernande blind and deaf. That is the end of the Second Act. In the Third Act he brings in young Monsieur Pierre Vaireine, whom we have only seen for a moment or two in previous Acts, to make passionate love to Fernande, so that she may speak to him over the telephone in the small hours of the morning and be overheard by Roger. Without waiting to hear what she is saying, he makes Roger jump at the conclusion that his wife is going to run away with a lover, seize her by the throat, hurl her on to a settee, and then fling himself out of the room and bang the door so that Fernande may rise up, quite unhurt, and tell her convenient uncle that "Roger loves me, he loves me." How clever! What excellent construction! That is the end of the Third Act. In the Fourth Act there is nothing for anybody to do, and those of the audience who are betting on a certainty wait to see husband and wife clasped in each other's loving arms. Even then, however, the curtain is kept up in order that Sir John Hare, who is "starred" on the programme, may enter, speak two lines, and go off again. And then, at last, it falls.

There is not enough story, such as it is, in the whole of these long-drawn-out Acts to provide sufficient matter for a mechanical one-act piece. So it is filled out with altogether superfluous Stockpotians, who come by mechanism and so depart. One of these is Raymond Nizerolles, and he is played so delightfully and is made so wilfully human by Mr. C. M. Lowne that we wish he had taken the evening into his own hands and made every Act a monologue. Although Mr. Arthur Wontner and Miss Marie Löhr have a great deal more to do they are unable to make half as much of it. It is true that Mr. Wontner wears Stockpot-clothes well enough and says Stockpot stereotopies with immense earnestness. Miss Marie Löhr emulates his example wholeheartedly, but the more emotion and distress the pair of them depict the less they move us. We cannot believe in them. They are bloodless. We know them for marionettes. They came to the Comedy Theatre by way of the Garrick, the St. James's, the Haymarket, and Drury Lane. The only emotion Miss Löhr stirred in us was one of infinite regret that she, who is so admirably fitted to show us girlish charm

and lightness of heart should have been drilled into a part so wooden and so ineffective. Sir John Hare, as the convenient uncle, gave us another example of his polished artificiality, and played in his best effortless and irresistible manner. Mr. Godfrey Tearle, the only person in the play who made any effort to look French, really appeared to be passionately in love, and gave an admirable performance. It was unnecessary to place a line on the programme to the effect that the play was produced under the direction of Mr. Dion Boucicault. The needless restlessness of the actors made it apparent. They made every room in which they appeared like a railway station on a chilly day. Besides, although undisguised as French people and talking colloquial English, one of the characters was made to sing a song in French. The production of "The Marionettes," then, puts the Comedy Theatre back to 1800.

The modernity of "Man and Superman," on the other hand, was done ample justice, and was, for the most part, assisted greatly by the acting. Mr. Loraine did not merely appear as John Tanner. He *was* John Tanner. In every movement, turn, gesture, and thought he was the living man. He did not deliver his long speeches of dialectical fireworks as though he had committed them to memory. He said them on the spur of the moment. They were all impromptu. It was the performance, not of an accomplished actor with a clean, strong, resonant personality, but of a superman, a man almost too much alive, a man who might easily become almost too manly, too much of a good thing. He was admirably supported. Mr. Ernest Mainwaring, who took up Mr. Bishop's part at a moment's notice, was so good that he did not make us regret Mr. Bishop. Higher praise is impossible. Miss Florence Haydon was altogether perfect, and Miss Doris Lytton delighted us. There is a great future for this young lady. Mr. Guy Standing, Mr. Sass, and Mr. Gwenn could not have been bettered. The one weak spot in an excellent cast was Miss Pauline Chase. It was almost an act of cruelty to entrust her with such a part. In any case it was not kind to the audience. After a round of the new plays it was refreshing and exhilarating to listen to Mr. Bernard Shaw's characteristic *pot pourri* of vital bosh.

ON THE SOUTH DEVON COAST

By W. H. KOEBEL

A WHILE ago I was reading from a magazine some verse that sang of Devon. The verse was pretty matter, that went with a lilt; doubtless the majority of folk who read it smelt for a while the air of the moors, and saw with their minds the softly-timbered coombes that delve downwards to press apart the bright-red cliffs and thus to hold communion with the waves below. But not I; nor any other of those folk who have more than a passing knowledge of the West Country. The reason is simple enough. The lines—the exact wording of which escapes me—implored the reader amongst other things to listen to the song of the nightingale in Devon. Now the nightingale is as rare in Devon as are diamonds in its soil. The bird, in short, shuns the county. It is his one serious lapse from discernment and taste. In his own heart the West Countryman feels and resents the slight. Therefore it was none of his genuine tribe that wrote those pretty verses.

Yet in at least one sense we can avenge ourselves on this ungallant night-singer. Let us tell him at once that there exists no county that misses his notes less, for the simple reason that there is no county that holds so many compensations of its own. Just now it is South Devon that I have in

mind, and in particular the coast that stretches from Dartmouth inlet to where Exmouth sits in such imposing fashion by the side of its broad estuary. It is a coast of bold cliff and glowing sea, this, into which bite deeply the mouths of the Dart, the Teign, and the Exe. It has its towns with which its thousands of visitors are familiar. Exmouth, Starcross, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, and Dartmouth ring with too accustomed a sound in the ears of Londoners and Midland folk—so says many a staunch old Devon man whose profession is unconcerned with tourists. It is not to be denied that the multitudes that throng the beaches have thrust away the old-world atmosphere of each place. But the remedy is perfectly simple. If your temperament urges you to avoid the rather blatant gaiety of the popular resorts, there are tranquil corners in plenty left between the three rivers. There are lesser-known coombes—their names you must find out for yourself, since it is not fitting that those who cannot discover such haunts for themselves should be led to unearned bliss in the easy guide-book fashion—that hold out every possible joy to the lover of unspoiled nature.

Here, it is not even essential that you should look on blue sky above and blue sea beneath—a great concession this! Given even a horizon that is dull, and grey, and lowering, the spot is independent of the gloomy thing; it has provided its own colour, regardless of clouds and weather. In the first place, there is the warm red of the cliff that stands up in its ruddy defiance over the sea. No sail ever made a more harmonious background to the close-clinging grass and the spreading shrubs and trees, while the little plateaus on the slopes bear blossoms and hues of a variety too numerous to be mentioned here. Where the sea laps are caves, and great rocks, and tiny semicircles of sand, and out on the waters will be the sails of a Brixham trawler or two, and perhaps the distant hull of a battleship that has steamed out from Torbay. If you have chosen the right coombe there will be no other evidence of human life.

So much for the stray nooks of the coast. You may become the owner of one, for a morning or an afternoon, at the sole cost of a walk. But no county must be judged even from a coastal fringe as delightful as this. After all, where earth and sea meet is the consistent haunt of the tripper alone; the native is concerned with wider horizons. For him is the dim blue swell of the moor, the green and russet of the sloping orchards, and the soft and verdant meadows where browse the red Devon cattle, whose hides harmonise so conveniently with the soil. The moor comes first, of course, and in the eyes of the average stranger there is only one in South Devon, and what should that be but Dartmoor? Dartmoor overshadows all else, I admit, but there are other and minor stretches in its neighbourhood that hold a charm of their own that is almost as deep, if not so wide.

Haldon Moor is one of these, and I will drop yet further down in the scale of size, and hold up the Lesser Haldon before you as a feast sufficient for any man's æsthetic needs. Now, whether you make for Haldon from Teignmouth, Dawlish, or from any of the villages just inland, your way will be much the same in its characteristics. You will climb up steep lanes, with lofty banks that sprout ferns, and that are starred with close clusters of wild flowers. Now and again the bank will fall away to admit a wooden gate, and if you lean on the sociable timber and gaze—but you had far better do nothing of the kind! If you are wise you will gather no broken impressions from halfway houses. You will hold back your curiosity, if necessary for two hours or more, until you have laboured upwards to the spot where the hedges and banks dissolve for good and all.

Then you may step on the heather and the ling, avoiding, from a sense of the fitness of things, the foxgloves that prick upwards in their thousands of purple spires; avoiding

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also, for a less sentimental reason, the little, stony, fossil-haunted pits that lurk beneath the surface growths here and there. Having achieved all this, you are at perfect liberty to look about you.

Inland, some dozen miles away, rise the folds of Dartmoor, the big brother of this little moor, crowned by its Tors that stand out like mystic castles against the sky. To the west is the valley of the Teign, sloping shoulders of land that fall in leisurely curves to the level of the broad stream far below, pleasant, smiling stretches that harbour villages of whitewashed, deeply-thatched cottages, broad clumps of timber, cornfields, and here and there a vivid splash of the red, fallow soil. By the harbour at the river's mouth are the roofs of Teignmouth, an insignificant little architectural spread, as seen from here. Following to the east the country beneath the broad hand of the sea, you will make out little of Dawlish, for it is hidden behind its screen of forest; but there, far beyond, is the great estuary of the Exe, a wide sheet of water that eats far into the hills, with the piled roofs of Exmouth on its further bank visible even from here. Beyond this again rises the mighty sequence of red cliffs, until, dimly seen on the horizon, the red walls give way to white.

The little moor of Haldon itself is a fitting spot from which to drink in a panorama such as this. Its heather carpet is well aired; it is open to every light breeze that blows, and for inhabitants it has the bees in myriads and the butterflies and birds. You would say that this Lesser Haldon was the frankest place on earth; yet one never knows. Even Haldon has its secrets.

There is a dip just here on the very edge of the heather country. At the bottom is a small copse, a shy spot that has strewn its approach with dense masses of bracken, and rank coils of impeding blackberry bushes. Effective barriers these, the very sight of which is apt to restrain a wandering stranger, even should he be desirous of visiting the insignificant copse, which is in itself unlikely.

But you who know will go on in defiance of the thorns and breast-high bracken. You will brush through the protesting leaves of the copse itself, and in the very centre you will light upon the dead soul of the place—the remains of a small grey chapel, ruined, and with gaping window places. Swathed closely about by the surrounding foliage, the place consents to reveal itself only when the wayfarer has penetrated to its very walls.

It has a history of its own, this ruined chapel of Ladywell, although of this the dwellers in the countryside itself suspect nothing, even should they be aware of the existence of the tragic thing. It was in the thirteenth century, so runs the legend, that a spring of holy water gushed out one day without warning from the spot. The event was celebrated with such pomp as the neighbourhood could afford, and the little chapel of our Lady's Well rose up by the side of the spring. Sunk in its placid hollow, the peace of the spot apparently remained unbroken until the early part of the fourteenth century, when a certain Robert Maddicot was named its priest.

In those days the material or spiritual tendencies of a priest lay very much at the discretion of their owner. The clay of Robert Maddicot was of the rankest. That he prowled Haldon Moor and swooped down to wrest his spoil from a belated wayfarer was nothing. It was necessary to live in those days, just as now, and a highway robber had little to fear then except from his immediate antagonist. But matters did not end here, for the priest in his leisure hours was an all-round man—in fact, a proper villain. So Agnes, the daughter of Roger the Miller, discovered in the end. Whether Agnes was winsome I have no means of knowing. For the sake of the story let us endow her with all the comeliness that ever cost a woman dear! But, after all, the pathos of her

corpse floating in the Holy Well needs no such veneer. By the walls of the chapel lay the small body of her dead child, slain in company with its mother by Robert the Priest.

Can you picture the hue and cry that ensued? The wild chase over the heather and through the bracken, up and down the great slopes, while the quarry panted in despair, and the fierce shouts of the pursuers echoed? You need conceive nothing of the kind. Robert the Priest had no occasion to run. He confessed to the high Church authorities in proper form, obtained Benefit of Clergy as a matter of course, and concluded the matter with a mild purgation!

This is the story of Ladywell. There are many other haunts in the neighbourhood that lay claim to legends equally grim. But of them all, none, I think, has been so appropriately guarded as this, shut off from the sunny, swelling hills by its close shroud of verdure. For every thousand times that it has been passed, I doubt if it has been entered once. I have not the least fear, moreover, that this publicity will endow it with an unwelcome popularity. The place is uncannily secretive. He who would discover that particular copse, and, having lit upon it, would find the little chapel within it, must be a man of patience. He will search for a long while first.

ARCHÆOLOGY IN INDIA THREATENED

No one can always agree with Lord Curzon, and as a principle it is undesirable that an ex-Governor or Viceroy should endeavour to interfere with the actions of his successors. But there may be occasions on which a protest from an emeritus officer is justifiable, and indeed necessary, to prevent a mistake being made. For instance, Lord Lawrence led the opposition to Lord Lytton's Afghan policy. Such an occasion has now arisen. In an excellent letter to the *Times* of Saturday, October 7th, Lord Curzon has called attention to a measure in contemplation which would mean the reversal of his policy in one of its best features and entail serious consequences. The proposal is now under consideration at the India Office to abolish the post of Director-General of the Archaeological Survey of India, which Lord Curzon got revived in 1902, and to leave the archaeological work of India to be performed (or mismanaged) by the Local Governments, some ten in number, who ordinarily have no one qualified in archaeology, or specially interested, to superintend it properly. The present Director-General, Mr. Marshall, is an officer of the Supreme Government, an officer of very high attainments—as his record shows—gifted with enthusiasm, energy, and sound judgment in a very difficult subject. Mr. Marshall was specially selected for his post, and has done admirable work since his appointment. In the proposal now before the Indian Secretary there are principles at stake. Centralisation and spending were in vogue under Lord Curzon. With the usual swing of the pendulum decentralisation and economy now hold the field. But, as Lord Curzon rightly points out, the expenditure on this appointment is "the merest drop in the ocean."

The work of conservation as well as restoration has been thoroughly well carried out, as exemplified in the magnificent remains, such as the Taj Mahal, and many other splendid buildings which have been rescued from "vandalism or Philistine contempt," and can now be seen and cordially appreciated by every visitor to India as well as by the residents, European and native. Great discoveries have been made, such as pillars of Asoka and the relics of the great Buddha himself. Not one-quarter of the work awaiting to be accomplished has been completed. Of many remains of the highest archaeological importance it may still

